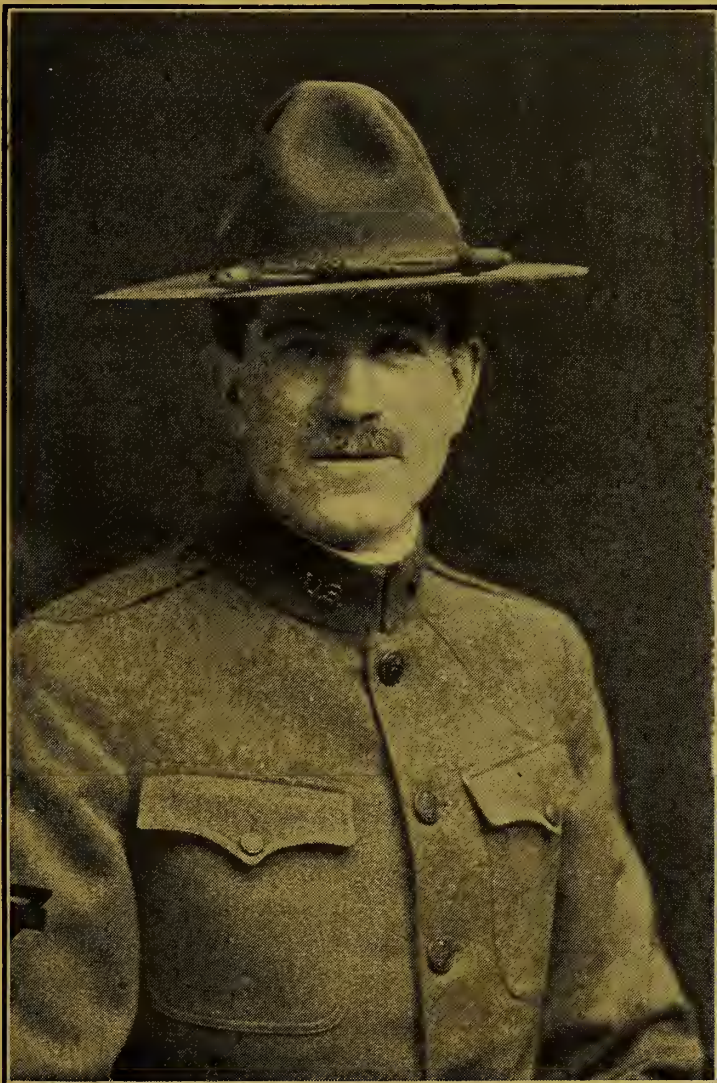


# CONFERENCE POINTERS

Hill Top Echoes  
Camp of the  
100 Fires



Lake Breeze  
Camp of the  
4 Fold Life



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Lake Breeze  
Special Pep  
Number



Gee! Ain't it Great to  
Have Him Back?

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JULY, 1919



# Get Set! Go!!

When the bell rang the news from the Piffle House to all of the campers that first session of the 1919 Older Boys' Camp-Conference was about to begin, a record crowd of real campers responded, and the camp started off with more than a bang. Kawinjag started us off with the old time "pep," singing "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," and the way that gang of huskies sang made the old Piffle House shake clear down to the foundations, if the thing has any.

After the roof began to threaten to leave us for sure, Kinji began proceedings by explaining the Camp rules. They aren't very hard to remember. In fact the Golden Rule with a few "fences" is the only one. Next the leaders were introduced. Kawinjag with his gang of graduate leaders got the first shot at the platform. It sure looked good to see that gang up there. Last year there were only three graduates on the ground. This year nine have reported.

Minisino showed his bunch of "job-lots" next. They were a motley crew, all shapes, sizes, and ranging in color everywhere from a pale pink to a real husky tan. Every one of them was a real pure bred-in-the-bone sport, however, and we sure are glad to have them with us. Every fellow in this camp feels that he is complimented by having these men give two weeks of their time to come up here and help us get the vision of this hilltop.

Mojag had the honor of introducing the "dessert." The Ladies' Auxiliary has always played a large part in the camp, and they have been mothers to us when we needed mothers and have done everything in their power to make the camp just what it ought to be. We don't see how we could get along without them to look after the sewing on of buttons and other things and while most of us laughed at Miss Paulk's statement she may be kept rather busy.

Donald Danforth, pardon us, Nita-

waswa, introduced the student leaders. He said lots of nice things about them but we can't remember any of them just now. Anyhow he seemed to have gotten the impression somewhere that they were a passable sort of bunch. He may be right. We aren't going to comment on this part of the evening at all except to say that Stud seemed to be in a state of excitement.

After getting the foundation of the whole thing into our sky pieces we went down to the council circle for a low council. Gilly, or rather Dowampi, led us in our

sing as we sat there in the light of the council fire, a great many of us for the first time. It was a great time. The Pennsylvanians seem to make very good chain gangs.

Majag pulled the best stunt of the evening when he rounded up some bacon and bread. The sizzle of that bacon was sure sweet music to our ears.

After that we went back to our tents and cottages for the first of the evening devotions. They are the very heart of the camp and every

fellow got right into the spirit of them the first night.

With a record-breaking gang, a great bunch of leaders, and the best hilltop in North America, we were off for the sixth Older Boys' Camp-Conference. We've gone a week now and nothing can stop us. What say?

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Here, fellows, is a real challenge. Come third! Make God come first, the other fellow second, and make yourself come in third. Have you the nerve to put it across?

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Are you marching to victory or just marching to kill time or marching as a penalty? You are marching; the question is, are you marching frontwards or backwards?

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ORIGINATE!





# Conference Pointers

*Camp of the  
4-Fold-Life*

Lake Breeze—  
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the  
100 Fires*

Publication Office, Mount Morris, Illinois

Published monthly, with two extra issues in July and August, by Kable Brothers Company, under the auspices of the International Sunday School Association. Entered as second-class matter October 30, 1918, at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

JOHN L. ALEXANDER, *Editor*

SUBSCRIPTION 25 CENTS PER YEAR

Office of the Association, 1416 Mallery Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Vol. III

JULY, 1919

No. 5

## Aw Choo!!

Remember when you used to delight in taking pepper to school, with the above result? It was great sport, wasn't it? Rather hot too, eh? That is if the teacher caught you. There is one thing that we always noticed about pepper. Whenever we had it and used it, it had some effect on the other fellow. It sometimes made him sneeze. Sometimes it got into his eye and we had a fight after school. Sometimes the "other fellow" was the teacher and, but what's the use? But one fact remains; it started something.

Here at Conference Point is one place where you can use all of the "pep" you have to good advantage, with no teacher to lick you for it. Does the fellow next to you need some "pep"? Give it to him. Hold on now! Not so fast! We don't want Charley Haulch on our neck. What we said was "pep," not pepper.

You know as well as we do that this first week has been pretty strenuous and it has taken about all you had when you came here to put it across. There hasn't been a fair-sized chance to loaf, and somehow loafing didn't seem in order. But there's the peculiar thing about it. You have put all you thought you had into it, and still you have more left than you thought you had to begin with. It is not according to Hoyle or any of the other great scientists. The more you give, the more you get. It may be funny, but any one of you can vouch for its truth.

There are several ways of getting rid of "pep." The first and one of the best is to get into everything with all of the "pep" that you have. When you get up to the plate with that toothpick, slam the pill with all of the "pep" in your constitution; when you are in class, dive head first into the discussion with all of the "pep" and horse sense that you have; when you are swimming use "pep" to warm up the water; and even on the hillside listen with "pep" and pray with "pep." Another good way to get rid of "pep" is to give it to the other fellow. Take a good swing and put all of the "pep" you can into a slap on the back, and you'll find that in nine cases out of ten he'll get enough "pep" from that one lick to knock you cold on the return. Don't let the other fellow lose his "pep." Sell your hammer and get a jack. Boost him along and it will help you get there, too.

While we're on the subject we might say that there are some ways not so good. The dog soldiers can take a lot of "pep" of one kind out of you, and the hospital is a good place to lose your "pep." Nuf sed.

Did you ever taste stale pepper? Not much better than dust, eh? It was just as hot as any other pepper at first, but it didn't last. Also pepper is a good seasoner when used in the right way, but we never could eat the potatoes that we were peppering when the lid came off of the pepper shaker. The darn stuff has to be controlled. It's all right to be "peppy" when the sun is shining and everything is going just right. It's fine to be "peppy" when your side is winning, but does your "pep" last when you're losing? Can you grin and root and fight when the boot is on the other foot? A lot of noise is a good thing sometimes, but "pep" that is all noise at the wrong time is about the saddest thing going. It's like TNT; if you don't control it, it will ruin you.

Let's go into this last week with lots of "pep," controlled "pep," and lasting "pep." Get the idea? You don't need answer, everyone will know by this time next week.

## Throw Her Into High!!

Hey there!! You long-eared Missouri mule! Whoa! Back up! Where do you think you're going? Gee whiz! You big hunk of mule meat! What have you been doing all year? I figure as how you'll sure get that "P" this year!

Me? Can't you see what I've been doing? Look at me! I've been trying to break the record for height without breadth. What's that? Get over, Fred! I know my foundation is all there, but you don't have to rub it in!

Zowie! Whee!! Say!!! Are you blind and deaf, you West Virginia snake killer? Come here, you grinning bum. Let's have a chance at pump-handling that grub hook of yours. Does Katie Callahan's pappy still live in West Virginia?



What's that? Is Pennsylvania still on the map? Say, guy! You ought to see the gang we have up here! The old Keystone state is going to make you guys do some tall humping if you take that shield away from Wadjepi's office!! Yea, brother! We're here to show you things! How many? Why, Miles of them!

Come here, Greenhorn! Fellows, meet a Pennsylvania freshman. He wants to know if the Tipi-Wakan is a disease or a patent medicine, and also whether you use a teaspoon or a soup ladle with the council bowl. Come on, let's show him around!! I'm just itching to see things anyway. All set? We're off in a cloud of mud!!

Now, Greeny, ol' top, see down there between and betwixt or in other words amongst those trees yonder? That nice round green affair there is the council bowl. Get your spoon from the spoon holder on the other side of the hill as per



inclosed instructions. Oh! Boy!! I could spend the rest of my days sticking my feet under these seats and dreaming of the times I've had in this old circle.

All aboard!! Come on, Greeny, get up some steam or you'll be the caboosel! We're off for the Tipi! Hot Zickerty!! Look here, fellows!! Did you ever see anything better for sore eyes? Say, guys, this fireplace is the greatest ever! This stone here is the best one in the whole works though! Eh? Did I hear you speak? Why, man, can't you appreciate art? The Allies' stone is the only one!! Isn't it, Missoo?

Gentlemen, I beg you list! For some strange reason and somewhat mysterious cause I feel that at this particular time of day there is need for me at the top of the hill. Hey! Shut up, you gink!! Stick your weather ear to the wind and listen! Hark, I say! If that isn't the bell I'll eat it!! Get out of the road, you guys, here comes a guy who can run.

Whew!! I've got about as much wind left as a fried oyster!

Hold your horses there, grub-hound, Minisino is saying grace. Oh! Gosh! Look at the leaders' table! Look here, Greeny. Say, get your eyes off that steak for a second or two and I'll give you a long distance introduction to the greatest gang of good sports this side of Saint Peter's elevator landing!







See that shining red spot? That's Kingi Gessis underneath it! Yeh! That lady with the smile and brown hair is his manager. You see he's the big Chief and she's the Biggest Chief. The man who said grace is Minisino, alias Mr. Wm. H. Danforth of Saint Louis. Gee! It's great to see him back here in camp! Last year he was "over there" helping to put the Kaiser "in Dutch." The man next to him is Mojag. Yeh, Mojag. You heard some one call him Bowmar? Say kid, we're on Conference Point now! Mojag is his handle here, and if you call him Bowmar—well, I pity you, that's all! He takes and keeps the *e pluribus unum* and manages to keep busy doing other things at times. Which one? Oh! That's Kawinjag. Let me slip you a tip, old man. Get next to him if you can. That's Canwi-Casa there next to him.

Yea!! Pennsylvania up! Come on, guy!! Pensyl-Pensyl-Vania! Keystone state, strong and great!!! Yea, boy!! We got the shield and we're counting on keeping it!! Eh?

Ouch!! Oh! Pardon me! Didn't mean to hit your chair, old man! Well, suffering catfish!! Where did you come from? Good boy! How's the old Ohio gang?



Strong? Well, I see where we have some fun!!"

And so we went to the Piffle House a week ago ready for anything at the start of the 1919 camp, all set and rarin' with lots of "pep."

Have we still got it? YEH!!!

Anyone around here downhearted? No!!

All right!! Let's go!!!

### FRIENDS.

If you had all the lands and gold  
It's possible for man to hold,  
And if on top of that could claim  
The greatest sum of earthly fame,  
Yet had to live from day to day  
Where never human came your way,  
You'd trade the gold you had to spend  
To hear the greeting of a friend.

'Tis friends alone that makes us rich,  
Not marble busts in glory's niche;  
Not money, wisdom, strength or skill  
With happiness our lives can fill.  
With all of these we still should sigh  
If never neighbor happened by,  
And no one shared from sun to sun  
The honors that our work has won.

For fame is born of other's lips,  
Friends pour the wine the victor sips;  
And friends make rich the yellow gold  
By which all earthly wealth is told.  
Possession nothing means unless  
We share the joys that we possess;  
Paste is the brightest gem we own  
If we must know its charms alone.

What joy could come from splendid deeds  
That no one ever cheers or heeds?  
Fame would be empty and absurd,  
If of it no one ever heard.  
The richest man, without a friend,  
Is poor with all he has to spend.  
Alone, with all that could be had,  
A human being would be sad.

Not in ourselves does fortune lie,  
Nor in the things that gold can buy;  
The words of praise that please us well  
The lips of other men must tell;  
And honor, on which joy depends,  
Is but the verdict of our friends.  
All happiness that man can know  
The friends about him must bestow.

—[Detroit Free Press.

The tests of life are God's compliments  
when you are big enough to take all that  
will come and still get God's "O. K."—  
Waon.

# Sport Page



## What the Big Scrap Is About

### ON THE WARPATH.

The six tribes are again on the warpath for the E. H. Nichols recreation trophy. The shield that has the unique distinction of being the trophy of some of the biggest scraps on this hilltop is again at stake. This year the tribes are larger than ever before, but they are just as evenly matched and a great battle is expected.

No other fights are staged in exactly the same atmosphere as these scraps for the tribal shield. The tribe that wins this shield will do it because it fought together, fought square and fair, fought hard and because the braves in it were good losers as well as good winners.

The tribes line up as follows: The Blackfeet, with Bob Abernathy as chief, include tents A 2, and 9 and cottages Bethel and Plaza B; the Crowfeet, under the leadership of Bill Fixter, include tents B, 1, 3, 7, 12, and Clematis cottage; the Dakotas under Donald Stiers include tents C, H, and 5, and cottages Lake View and Oak Arbour; the Navajos with Chief P. T. Smith include tents D. G, and 10, and cottages Hillside A and Lake Breeze; the Susquehannas with Harry Slaymaker include tents F, E, and 1, and cottages Plaza D and Maple Leaf, and the Iroquois with Chief Hugh Watson have tents 4 and 6, and cottages Ivy, Plaza A and C, and Hillside B.

This makes a total of thirty men in each tribe. This will make a different method of playing the games necessary, but the plan of alternation is expected to solve this problem.

### EARLY BIRD SEED.

A lot of fellows had to come to the camp on Monday evening instead of Tuesday, because of the distance they had to travel, or for some other reason. It rained hard during supper, and it didn't make things look any too cheerful, especially, since no one had anything much to do, so Kingi sent us down to the Clover Leaf Hall. Kawinjag had charge when we got there, and "pep," oh, boy! We made old Clover Leaf have half a dozen dreams.

First came songs, real singing. The program, after that, was varied by many exams and various colors and conditions of information. Hash was served on the first platter, along with scrambled eggs. "Don Alex" was accused of the unpardonable sin. You can guess or ask Donald.

We found out the kind and quality of a few of the greenhorns and they saw what kind of guys the old fellows were. The contrast was interesting when the basis of comparison was singing.

The old "pep" seemed to be there in quality and quantity. The real typical Geneva ending made things just right. We had a song, a prayer, and then were off to bed and a good night's rest.

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Every moment you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest. —[Lord Chesterfield.]

---

SERVE!

DO!



# Whitecaps and Squalls

It's not the things you do up here,  
Where everyone helps you through,  
But things you do throughout the year  
That prove you four-fold and true.

THINK!

We saw a Testament the other day that had saved a British soldier's life. A German bullet had gone through it and had only stopped when it reached Revelation 3:6. That verse reads, "He that hath an ear, let him hear." That Testament saved Tommy's life twice according to our way of figuring.

GRIN!

Jack Taylor, who was a tribe chief last year and was one of the best smile bringers in the camp is sick at this writing. He is the only real Canadian in the camp this year, although Halpenny runs him a close second. Here's hoping and praying that Jack will be with us soon, for we sure do need him.

What I gave—I have. What I spent—I had. What I leave—I lose. Think it over.

STICK!

We wanted to put something in here about the Adams Express Company, but the editor absolutely refused to let it get in.

FIGHT!

Wadjepi had a hard time getting back this year. He finally managed to return, however, and brought the little giant killer with him. Mrs. Orwig, better known as Gash-gi-ton, stayed at home to keep little James Preston straight. Here's hoping to see her back here before many more camps.

WORK!

A Philadelphia paper, in writing up an

Older Boys' and Girls' Conference, made a typographical error. It didn't sound so bad after all, however. They called the conference a conference of the "keen age."

ASK!

Harry S. Slaymaker and his family motored (or rather bumped) up to camp from the state of mules. They report a very successful trip. The Henry didn't even have to have a spark plug changed

DIG!



Freshie—"Say, this boat goes slow."

Soph.—"Well, no wonder!"

Freshie—"What do you mean?"

Soph.—"No one can make any time when he is being continually docked."

TRY!

Minisino has given us a real Yankee definition of the overworked French word, beaucoup. He says one

Yank defined it as meaning "right smart."

LEARN!

Pennsylvania's motto, according to our chief, Waon, is "We make iron and steel for a living." Punctuate it to suit yourself.

SEE!

Lo Miles  
Bob's shoe  
Out window  
Choo! Choo!

DARE!

There was a young fellow not named  
Who thought he was horribly lamed,  
Said he had the pip,  
Stayed out of the dip,  
But the dog soldiers aren't to be blamed.

SWEAT!

# Who's Who

## Headquarters Staff.

John L. Alexander (Kinji Gissis), Director.

Donald Danforth (Nita Waswa), Assistant Director.

Herman Bowmar (Mojag), Business Manager.

Elsie Clark, Assistant Business Manager.

J. R. Marcum (Kawinjag).

R. A. Waite (Waonspeakye).

W. H. Kendrick (Wa-ja-tipi).

W. H. Danforth (Minisino).

Frank E. Mayer (Etut-botsots).

Earle A. Brooks (Can-wi-cawsa.)

Sterling L. Williams (Wichada).

Herbert Mayer (Ki-ci-ca).

Franklin Mayer (Waswa).

J. L. Rodgers (Me-mah-te-gay).

W. H. Schilling

P. G. Orwig (Wadjepi).

## Adult Group Leaders.

Cyrus J. Lattin

Fred D. Cartwright.

Myron C. Settle.

G. C. Porter.

M. Guy VanBuskirk.

Julian Ulmer.

Dr. R. W. Bowden.

Ray G. Fletcher.

Chas. R. Fisher.

Harold R. Humbert.

Robert R. Gray.

G. E. McMiller.

L. T. Loose.

Frank G. Richard.

Earl L. McFetridge.

B. F. Sperow.

## Graduate Leaders.

Donlad Danforth (Nita-waswa).

Franklin Mayer (Waswa).

Clarence Wright (Wo-wah-ho-ye).

A. Louis Gilmore (Dowampi).

John Powell.

Harold Post (Je-ben-dan).

Ellis Rece (Kaga).

Charles Nichols.

Howard Bonsal.

## Student Leaders.

S. Franklin Mack.

J. Lowell Miles.

Wilfred T. Mack.

Galt Schrader.

William G. Peoples.

Carl Bolte.

John D. Stuart.

W. B. Knight, Jr.

Leroy Snape.

Francis Bouquet.

Gordon Jones.

## Ladies' Auxiliary.

Mrs. J. L. Alexander.

Mrs. Herman Bowmar.

Mrs. R. A. Waite.

Mrs. E. A. Brooks.

Mrs. W. H. Schilling.

Mrs. M. G. VanBuskirk.

Mrs. F. E. Mayer.

Mrs. Herbert Mayer.

Mrs. J. L. Rodgers.

Mrs. Curtiss.

Miss Gladys Wise.

Miss Reba Fixter.

Miss Bonita Ferguson.

Miss Lottie Mae Bose.

Miss Beard.

Miss Frye

Miss Holmquist.

## SOME SUCCESS "I WILLS."

A certain church prints on the back of its program of services these words:

I will not worry.

I will not be afraid.

I will not give way to anger.

I will not yield to envy, jealousy, or hatred.

I will be kind to every man, woman, and child with whom I come in contact.

I will be cheerful and hopeful.

I will trust in God and bravely face the future.

Read them again.

They are words worth while.

Cut them out and paste or pin them up where you can see them often.

About all there is in life worth striving for is suggested in these few lines.

Houses, land, bonds, automobiles are fine possessions. But far more precious still to any man in any station are the treasures of the mind and soul—composure, courage, cheerfulness, tolerance, kindness, hope—all these and faith in something higher than what the eyes see and the hands hold.—[Charles Grant Miller.

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.—[Ruskin.